The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

How Much Hands Off?

THE State Department doctrine of simon-pure disinterestedness toward the peoples of the Far East is in for its severest test. And this before an all-out attack on Formosa. It is Southeast Asia where the policy enunciated by Mr. Acheson is first subject to the harshest strain.

Preeminent in the line of direct US responsibility, and of greatest immediate military importance because of American bases, are the Philippine Islands—only a stone's throw from Formosa in terms of the Pacific's vast expanse. Reports from Manila are disquieting. The government is proving weak and inefficient and incapable of dealing convincingly with Huk armed raids. Fear of Communism is growing. Despite continuing subsidies from the United States (soon to be cut 80 percent) the Philippine economy is a long way from self-sufficiency.

It must never be forgotten that one of the chief forces behind the act that gave the Filipinos their independence was the desire of producers of certain of our agricultural commodities to thrust the archipelago outside the US tariff wall. This greatly heightens the responsibility which we indubitably have for the economic well-being of our former wards. Add this to the immediate strategic importance in the Far East of having a free and friendly people like the Filipinos make a go of things, and it will be seen that our commitment is a heavy one.

In Indonesia, an even more important case of liberation from a colonial status, the ideological importance of stability and success is perhaps even greater. Just now the tension between the unifying tendencies of the Jogjakarta republic and the desire for political and cultural autonomy among the island components of East Indonesia and elsewhere is of a crucial sort.

Since the Javanese were leaders of the independence movement, their efforts to make what started out only six months ago as a rather loose federation of States into a highly centralized republic, represent a manifestation of ardent nationalism. It also means a speedy assertion of claims which had been rejected in the negotiations which led to Indonesian independence. While greater centralization was inevitable, it would seem that present Jogjakarta attempts to unify by force (now that Dutch troops are leaving) violate the agreements made under UN—and US—auspices. The fact that this policy has led to four revolts is evidence of local native resistance.

Here again it does not seem possible that the United States can look on with folded hands. For one thing the Indonesians are asking for a loan of $300 million—of which their potentially rich economy is in dire need. Surely it would not be out of order to condition American financial and technical assistance upon the honoring of recent agreements and the guarantee of unforced consent of the various constituent peoples to changes in the original structure of the United States of Indonesia.

FINALLY there is Indo-China, the last containing wall between expanding Soviet China and Thailand, Burma, Malaya and the rest. We have pinned all our hopes on Bao Dai apparently without doing much to get him out of the category of a straight French puppet. We continue to conduct our dealings with him through the French authorities. We have been six months at drawing up an assistance program for Indo-China, but it still remains bogged down in legislative and bureaucratic swamps — while the Chinese Communists continue their victorious march and ambitious preparations.

To cap it all is the latest move on the part of the French authorities. They have just appointed as premier of Viet Nam (Indo-China) one Tran Van Huu, a Cochin-Chinese landowner and a French citizen. Dispatches thus far are sparse, but the accepted interpretation to date is that the French have given up the idea of courting native nationalist aspirations (of which Ho Chi Minh, the Communist, will now be the only standard-bearer) and are relying on police and re-

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• NEXT WEEK •

ROBERT BARRAT sent his first regular report on France to THE COMMONWEAL from a small town in Brittany, far from the activity of Paris.

"Paris isn't France. What we in Paris look upon as a major event—the collapse of a government, the signing of an alliance, the appearance of an important book—makes no palpable impression on the thinking of three-fourths of the population. Domestic cares, anxieties about work and community problems make up the essential framework of their existence. . . . The government, whichever one it is, is always *"they,"* and the word is said in a tone of irony and condescension."

pression to keep Indo-China in hand. Can the United States afford to countenance this?

In all three cases the only hope is active, if tactful, American intervention in the interests of the peoples and their States. To keep hands off while delivering ourselves of the most noble and disinterested sentiments, would be to abandon the peoples of Southeast Asia to chaos and subjugation.

Run, My Good Sheep, Run

THE mock "Red invasion" of Mosinee, Wisconsin was an American Legion project, but to judge from the AP wirephotos and news stories, just about everyone in town played along. Even the local CP cooperated to the extent of surreptitiously delivering the *Daily Worker* to every home in the dead of night. Papers all over the country carried pictures of Mayor Ralph Kronenwetter in polka-dot pajamas being led from his home by make-believe Communist troops. There was another widely printed photo of a group of the town's leading citizens standing within a chicken-wire "concentration camp." With their grey fedoras and heavy overcoats the Mosinee "captives" looked more like a cluster of business men waiting for a street-car than a group expecting execution, but then of course they weren't professional actors and wardrobe and prop expenses were kept to a minimum. Leaning against the "concentration camp" wires, close to the cameras, were three local nuns. Maybe they were thinking prayerfully that the day might yet come when they will be called on to suffer martyrdom just as generations of retreat masters have suggested, but in the pictures they looked as uncomfortably gauche and self-conscious as any other group of adults caught playing games.

The Mosinee dramatics were in fact a kind of game—an adult, purposeful version of cops-and-robbers. Like children who deliberately frighten themselves and each other, the 1,400 citizens of the little Wisconsin community really worked at simulating the terror and misery of Eastern Europe, though keeping a straight face must have been hard at times. And then, after their "ordeal," they ended the day with a celebration to mark their own "victory."

Psychologists undoubtedly have a word for what took place there. But whatever it was, it wasn't healthy. To create deliberately an unreal, gruesomely playful atmosphere of fear in which to consider the primary political, spiritual and religious problem of the age is a very dangerous

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business. It amounts to the rejection of reason and practical political wisdom and substitutes for them the exaltation of an emotional approach. At a time when cool heads and steady nerves are more than ever necessary to face the very real problems of the US and the delicate decisions required to solve them, toying with popular emotions is particularly dangerous. The founts of feeling are not like a spigot to be turned on and off at will.

Fujii vs. California

IT CAUGHT the eye of even the most hard-bitten newsmen when a California District Court of Appeals in Los Angeles unanimously reversed a lower court decision and held that Sei Fujii could own land within the state. For the United Nations Charter was cited as the basis for the decision. It went this way: the United Nations Charter, which speaks of fundamental freedoms for all, without discrimination, was ratified by the United States and became the "law of the land" in 1945; the UN Charter, as a treaty between nations, takes precedence over state legislation such as California's Alien Land Law of 1920.

Earlier this year, in the Masaoka case, a California court handed down a decision of even greater interest to those who seek to end racialism in this country. For in this former instance the court found in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments the basis for permitting the Masaoka brothers to give land to their Japanese mother—it declared the state law unconstitutional on that basis. That one of the brothers had been killed in action with the US Army overseas and that his death benefits together with GI insurance payments of other Masaokas made possible the purchase of the property, may have made the decision more palatable to certain local patriots. But the principle is sound. Slowly progress is being made toward removing these shameful inequities from our statutes.

Yet the basic legislation remains neglected, among the bills piled up in Washington. It was some months ago that the Judd resolution permitting the naturalization of *all* permanent American residents—and tiny immigration quotas for Asiatics—passed the House. The Senate is still to act. The Judd provisions are now unhappily included in the McCarran DP bill and other generally dubious Displaced Persons legislation. There is no reason why they should not be proposed and adopted as an independent act or as a component part of a generally acceptable immigration measure.

Meanwhile laws restricting Asiatics remain on the books in Nevada and Washington (as well as California). So that in the Far West, where roughly two-thirds of the American Japanese still live, statutory discrimination continues against Orientals. The wartime measures of Colorado and Arkansas have been long since abrogated and the comparable Oregon law was declared unconstitutional two years ago. Appropriate action at the state and national levels is required to right remaining inequities, bolster the morale of this substantial group of Americans and clear the nation's reputation. And this is the sort of action which should be taken in terms that no one can mistake.

Isolationism Is Just Around the Corner

RECOGNIZING the fact that the United Nations is made up of nations which are not united, and includes nations which are determined to subvert unity, Mr. Herbert Hoover has proposed replacing the present UN.

The United Nations now serves as a line of communication and negotiation with the Communist countries, although recriminations are about all that are communicated. Its General Assembly is a useful world sounding board for American policy. It was instrumental in ending the Palestinian, Iranian and Indonesian disputes, and possesses such effective secondary machinery as the childrens' relief group and the World Health Organization. To limit or altogether give up such useful things as these ought only be done if great advantages are to be had. Mr. Hoover offers no advantage and favors abandoning some of our present gains.

We should realize, Mr. Hoover says, that "more and more the burdens of defending free men and nations are being thrust upon the American people." As "the non-Communist states are being picked off one by one or are compromising with the Communists" the United States should join with any other free nation able to resist Communism without American assistance. (Mr. Hoover regards our present Marshall Plan and Atlantic aid as "subsidies to beguile peoples to rectitude from internal Communism," and he says of our arms aid to Europe, "in persistence to an old habit, we are taking up the check.")

These countries would gather in a union that is not a military alliance but is "based solely upon moral, spiritual and defense foundations." They

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would have "many potent moral, spiritual and even economic weapons at their disposal. They would unlikely ever need such weapons." By collective action we would be able much more effectively to keep Russian agents "out of all our borders and out of our laboratories."

From what can be made of Mr. Hoover's proposal through the haze, and behind the golden references to the "moral and spiritual cooperation of God-fearing free nations," it seems that he wants us to abandon all those countries which depend upon American backing when they stand up to Russia. He wants us to join with whatever is left in a new isolationism.

Such a proposal would not deserve attack if it were not for the appeal its lack of complexity carries—the audience of American Newspaper Publishers Association advertising people "stood up, applauded and cheered Mr. Hoover warmly both at the beginning and at the end of his speech. They interrupted frequently with applause. . . ." says the New York *Times*.

There is a charming simplicity to joining with one's independent friends in a closed defensive community. But is it necessary to say what folly it would be to abandon Turkey, the Near East, Indo-China, Western Europe, Indonesia and the Middle East to the overwhelming Russian power in military and subversive warfare? Is it necessary again to say what folly it is to attempt to isolate oneself from expanding totalitarianism?

A union of free nations is in the works right now, but it is not the sort of union which Mr. Hoover wants. The Bidault proposal for a High Atlantic Council for Peace is getting serious attention in Washington. Foreign Minister Schuman told French newspapermen on April 26 that France will propose to the Atlantic foreign ministers that such a council become a permanent international executive body to coordinate the existing military, political and economic organizations of the Western nations.

This is the antithesis of Mr. Hoover's painless isolation, for it requires the United States to commit itself to the economic health and military security of all the free Western nations. The pain it will cause can be measured in direct proportion to the wishful enthusiasm Mr. Hoover evoked. If the world is to be saved from the crushing threat of Russian aggression, there must be a unified defense and a unified political offensive. Our steps so far have been generous but inadequate. If we are yet to save ourselves we must begin with union with all men who want to be free—not, as Mr. Hoover would have it, all those who can afford to be free.

A Political Touchstone

TO TAKE any effective part in civic affairs beyond the strictly local level is one of the most baffling things to confront the individual American citizen.

What greatly complicates the prospect is the difficulty of arriving at personal decisions as to the best political solutions. For all our papers and commentators, the elements in controversial issues are hard to come by. Many of the decisive factors in the complex workings of the modern world are of a technical sort—for which the layman is inadequately equipped. Even more devastating is the general lack of a political philosophy beyond that of pragmatism.

One way of cleaving this knot of perplexities and frustration is some magic word or phrase or panacea. The answer in every instance is one absolute: world government, anarchism, calendar reform, absolute pacifism, the cooperative movement—even vegetarianism, nudism or anti-vivisectionism. The single-mindedness of these devotees of panaceas often is astounding.

Many of them, however, have hold of a rather sound practical principle. It is impossible to concern one's self with the whole political horizon. Perhaps the only way is to tackle one significant detail. In that way a man might make an effectual contribution to our increasingly atomized society. He would decide each political issue as it arises—on the basis of whether it forwards or retards this special interest. Perhaps under present circumstances this is as sound a political principle as any.

Take, for instance, those who believe that the strengthening and expansion of the family-type farm (which is small enough to be handled by the family with perhaps a hired hand) has great potentialities for the whole United States. This is admittedly a highly special problem. The nation is dominantly industrial and dominantly urban; and it will continue so. Even agricultural production is preponderantly large-scale, big-business enterprise. What can even thousands of successful family-farmers prove in our land of one hundred and fifty millions?

A good deal. Take their influence in the strictly agrarian arena. They would, presumably, go in for diversified cultivation and, with an abiding interest in their individual homesteads, would tend to adopt practices that would build the soil, woodlands, streams and ponds and all manner of things that would nurture wildlife and conserve vital natural resources. Their own acres would produce as much as feasible of the food and feed required on the homestead by man and beast.

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They would exert a salutary influence on American family life. For on a farm of this kind, children are welcomed as an economic asset. Moreover, whereas boys and girls in city and suburb are forever plaguing their parents about keeping them amused, the days on the farm are never long enough for all the gratifying things there are to do.

However, if life on the family farm of modest acreage is to develop as it should, rural facilities must be greatly improved over their present state. There must be more than the radio to take the isolation out of rural life. Comparatively adequate schools there are in many sections, but there must also be more local medical, cultural, and recreational facilities than there are now.

If the trend toward tenancy, absorption in larger units and displacement from the land is finally reversed in America, and family-type farms begin actually to increase in numbers and improve in quality, there will be notable political effects. For one thing there will be an increasing proportion of farmers who will depend more on their advanced farming techniques and less on government parity payments. They will be concerned about both, but the very existence of a sizable group of farmers who do not feel primarily dependent on current parity legislation in Congress will be an effective counterbalance.

Perhaps it is their political import which would overweigh even the total of their contribution to soil conservation, flood control and increase of the population and their influence on American family life. Everything is going in the opposite direction: big farming, big business, big government. When farm commodities go unsold or prices dip near the costs of production, when unemployment threatens, when the American people are confronted with the inadequacies of medical care the nation over, there is now only one popular answer: it is up to Washington. And as this process deepens with the years, the existence and prosperity of a group of citizens, who with their neighbors, stand on their own feet, is of paramount importance if we are to preserve our national political vitality.

Indeed the family farmers of America may constitute the last bastions of the responsibility, self-reliance and local initiative characteristic of the nation's formative years.

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BUT what has this high-flown and visionary prospect to do with providing a touchstone for American politics from day to day? Can it possibly serve as a guiding principle for anything but exclusively agricultural legislation? I believe it can. Let us formulate the principle in this fashion: Amid all the perplexities that confront us today, we know that the strengthening and growth of family farming would be an excellent thing for the United States. Since it is not possible to attempt any universal social reform, the best thing is to concentrate on a single aim. Therefore, every national political issue must be judged on the basis of whether it forwards or retards family farm development.

There are obvious instances where it will be hard to discern the slightest connection (and such battles must be left to others). But it is rather startling to discover how often the principle does come into play all down the legislative line.

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THERE is the unhappy matter of taxes. Growth of family farming will cut the amounts needed for farm subsidies, as explained above. Both income and excise taxes would be assayed in the light of incomes on the family farm. As good and active citizens this group would favor a balanced budget and pay-as-you-go.

On the Marshall Plan and Point IV, it can be assumed that those who advocate the growth of family farming are as opposed to the spread of Communism as anyone. But they also have specific reasons for wanting prosperity for Western Europe and undeveloped sections of the globe. That these areas might provide new markets for certain American farm products on a limited scale is only part of the picture. The imports from abroad which are envisioned would also tend to keep the prices of American industrial products within reason. Then family farmers must have some cash crops, and their market hinges considerably on the current prosperity status of the nation—a prosperity which in the long run is impossible if there is not general international economic well-being. So that here the family farm principle would provide a solid basis for political decision.

The direct interest of rural areas (and especially of family farmers) in such matters as new river valley authorities, federal aid to education, extension of social security benefits and exemption of cooperatives' patronage dividends from taxation is clear enough. There would be two minds on the Administration's national medical insurance plan. The hard thing to decide would be whether it was worth the price of setting up a new and powerful federal bureaucracy to obtain the additional medical facilities that would unquestionably accrue to the countryside.

Be that as it may, this is enough to demonstrate that either for domestic and foreign policy an objective as limited as that of promoting the family-type farm can provide a basis for definite decisions on leading current political issues. This country could do with a few more touchstones half as good.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

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No Unemployment in Britain

Development Areas have provided the jobs —but at what cost to community life?

By MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

WHATEVER else may have come out of the elections, we in Britain are no longer worried with much legislation. There is only one even moderately-sized fish in Parliament's net for this session, the Development of Industry Bill, which has just received its second reading.

In bare outline, the story behind this bill is as follows: Shortly after World War I, employment in several leading British industries, including coal, cotton, jute and shipbuilding, started to drop towards a new and permanent low level. The areas where these industries were concentrated, South Wales, Lancashire, Cumberland, the North-East Coast, and Scotland, suffered mass unemployment, heavy loss of population, and acute poverty. There were also certain depressed rural zones, especially rural Wales and the Highlands of Scotland.

By about 1930 the size and acuteness of the depressed-area problem was clear to all. In the depressed regions themselves municipalities, employers, trade unions and the regional universities banded together into development associations to bring in new industry. The Communist Party found a happy hunting-ground in the National Unemployed Workers' Movement. Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., author of *The Town That Was Murdered,* led the Jarrow hunger-marchers to Westminster to proclaim that the dead did not propose to lie down. Social service agencies, led as usual by the Society of Friends, moved in.

Outside the cotton district, which managed in the end to climb out of the slump on its own, probably 400,000-450,000 new jobs were needed in the main depressed areas. In 1934, under a Special Areas Act, Commissioners were appointed to revive four of the worst of them. By 1939 enough new plants, including many started by refugees from Nazi Europe, had been brought in by the Commissioners and local enterprise to provide some 50,000 jobs. Small as this achievement was, it represented invaluable experience. It killed the myth that the new, expanding industries could not be made to pay in the depressed areas. And much had also been learned of the way to attract these industries.

When the war ended, this experience was used on a larger scale. The four Special Areas have become seven much larger Development Areas, under the Distribution of Industry Act of 1945. New enterprises have provided 270,000 more new jobs in these areas, and nation-wide full-employment has also brought prosperity to their older trades. Unemployment in the Areas in 1937—remember, a boom year—ranged from 15 percent to 30 percent. Today the figures run from 2 percent to 4 percent. Though the job is not finished—men are still being displaced from coal, steel and shipbuilding—its back has been broken.

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WE claim, under this program, to have solved one of the greatest social problems of an industrial civilization: to guarantee a livelihood to every major local community. Mobility between trades does no harm. Welshmen are no worse off today because instead of digging coal they make nylon yarn. And some mobility between places, for the right people and at the right time, is socially desirable. There is everything to be said for a modern equivalent of the medieval journeymen's wander years. But for a community to develop a deep-rooted, distinctive culture, rising above the minimum which can be mass-produced on a national scale, and for its people to be saved from social isolation, it must hang together from one generation to another, and with solid economic ground under its feet.

The depressed area communities, above all in South Wales, had a culture far in advance of anything found at the same social level in the prosperous South. We saw them shattered to pieces by the years of unemployment. We watched their younger people draining away to the social deserts of West London and the new industrial Oxford. We learned, as the older men settled down to their sentry-beat between the street corner and

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the labor exchange, what the sociologists mean by a "tired" community: the community which is not merely poor, but has lost its purpose in life. And, by common consent, we agreed that one generation of this experience was enough: all of us, Labor and, after some initial grumbling, Tories alike. The John the Baptists who went ahead to arrange the route of the Jarrow marchers were delegates from the Jarrow Conservative Association as well as from the Labor Party. The prewar experiments in the Special Areas were the work of Conservative Governments. And the revival and extension of the depressed area policy in 1944 was the work of two Churchill governments, one of them excluding the Labor Party.

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THE obvious objection is that we may, in thus underwriting the economic future of our communities, have incurred other and possibly in the long run greater social dangers. Have we in particular had to sacrifice low cost and productivity—which after all are important not merely for us but for Marshall Europe and the Colonies—for the sake of social stability?

The textbook answer is that it does not much matter if we have, since, at least in the short run, the saving in social costs has quite certainly outweighed the loss, if any, to individual firms. It is worth sacrificing a good deal of income to avoid the social disaster of breaking up a community. And, even in terms of cash, we have certainly saved more on the housing and social services which would have had to be provided if workers had moved to new areas than we have lost by pushing firms into the Development Areas.

But the textbook answer will not do. If a firm is to operate in the Development Areas at a loss, it must sooner or later have a subsidy, and the Treasury and Board of Trade have stood firm on the principle that, when the pork-barrel rolls in, efficiency sooner or later drains out. There are special initial difficulties in starting a plant in a new area, particularly one new to that type of industry, and the Government's policy aims at helping firms over this threshold, even if necessary by a subsidy.

Industrial estate companies, leasing plants to businesses and supplying utility services, carry a good deal of the initial risk of investment in fixed capital. The Treasury acts (on commercial terms) as lender of last resort, where the capital market is not prepared to face the Development Area risk on reasonable terms. The Board of Trade will help to find housing for a firm's staff and key workers. Development Area firms get their building licenses quicker. Their rents, on Government estates, are sometimes kept low for an initial period. They are now to get grants for the cost of removing machinery to a Development Area, and the general costs of running a new plant in. But all these measures are meant solely to help firms to start up. Once over the threshold, a Development Area firm must stand on its own competitive feet like any other.

The question, as our authorities have rightly seen, is not whether a gain in social costs can be allowed to count against losses to individual firms, to be made good by a permanent subsidy. These are not in practice alternatives. It is whether, and how far, it is possible to have *both* minimum social cost *and* minimum cost to the individual business.

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WE have, of course, certain special advantages in Britain. Remember the size of the country. Glasgow, the center of the remotest Development Area, is eight and a half hours from London. Cardiff is barely three. We plan on the scale of New England, not of the United States. And the experience of the last fifteen years shows that in an economically advanced country of this size, where the difference in transport costs between one site and another is for many products negligible, there is enough footloose industry, for which any part of the country (once past the threshold) is as good as any other, to allow us to guarantee the economic stability of all but a very few isolated communities, without throwing business costs to the wind. We can have our cake and eat it.

The crucial problem has been to fuse the knowledge of the public official, concerned mainly with social costs, with the business man's knowledge of what his own firm can stand. "Knowledge" is an overstatement; I speak as one who has spent more time than he cares to think on this branch of both business and social accounting. Let us say judgment: it is more polite than guess-work, and leaves room for the common sense which is the outstanding characteristic of both Treasury and Board of Trade decisions. The officials weight the scales in favor of certain areas, in the light of its knowledge of social costs, and the business man then makes his own choice.

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THIS system, experience shows, does get industry to Development Areas and need not raise costs, though only if it is operated with a good deal of skill. The danger before the war was that regard for what Sir Patrick Abercrombie has called the "delicate susceptibilities of economics" would make the weighting in favor of

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the depressed areas inadequate. The danger since 1945 has been the other way: that the scales may be so heavily weighted that the business man, even when he is aware that Durham or West Cumberland are for his firm high-cost areas, is left with practically no choice. There is something in the story (though the Board always indignantly deny it) of the business man who was told he could put his factory anywhere he liked so long as it was South Wales. But since mid-1948, when a new precedure came in, the pressure has diminished. There is now a fair balance between the social and business elements.

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THERE is, however, another danger which we have not met so well. It is never enough simply to plan *for a* community. The essence of community is participation: people living and working together for common ends. To revive a depressed area as a community therefore means working with and through its people. The resulting improvement in human relations should add, especially in the long run, to even the purely material efficiency of operation. David Lilienthal's discussion of "grass-roots democracy" in TVA provides some of the best illustrations I know. And it must be regretfully admitted that in this respect British policy has not merely failed to move forward in recent years: it has moved back.

The Commissioners under the Act of 1934 aimed quite clearly and specifically at helping the people of the depressed areas to help themselves. Where there was no regional development association, they called one into existence. They refused to listen to the views of individual towns unless they came through the regional association, and therefore represented a policy agreed by and in the region. They relied on locally controlled agencies to build industrial estates, advise on the financial prospects of firms, carry on propaganda and advertising, and do research. One of the best community surveys I know was made at Bryn Mawr under the leadership of the Society of Friends, entirely by untrained local talent: the stationmaster, for instance, writing the section on transport.

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TODAY all this has gone. With few exceptions the whole process, from research and the drafting of a regional development plan to the signing up of a business man for a Treasury-financed factory on a Board of Trade estate, is in the hands of the national Civil Service. Of the local agencies which flourished before the war some, like the regional development associations, have simply been pushed aside. Others, especially the local industrial estate companies, have been brought under tight central control. I have seen a letter in which one of these companies, representing an investment of several millions, had to ask Whitehall approval for an expenditure of £5. There has been a good deal of decentralization in the central Government's own machinery since then. But there has been no move to return powers into local hands.

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THERE were quite good reasons just after the war for this concentration of power. Many pre-war regional development associations had gone out of existence or would take time to revive. Their component local authorities were mostly too small to be of much use. There happened to be departments of the central Government with precisely the machinery and experience required, built up in connection with war production. And at a time of acute shortage of materials it paid firms and communities heavily to have direct Government backing. A building license in those days by no means implied that steel or timber could be bought, and the band of progress-chasers hired by the Board of Trade to charm materials out of other departments served business men in the Development Areas better than any local organization could have done.

But that was five years ago. There has been time to revive or re-create the regional machinery; the local planning authorities were reformed and strengthened in 1947; materials are in easier supply, and controls have been loosened. It would now again be technically possible to work largely with and through locally responsible agencies. But still the Board of Trade hangs on.

Talking to Civil Servants and politicians, one can quite see why. The machine works. Those millions of square feet of factory space in the Development Areas are reality. Local discussion of them, or local executive responsibility, are froth on the surface. Why should Wales, or Scotland, want to manage the distribution of industry within their own boundaries, when they are so well administered already? It would certainly take an initial effort to go over to a system allowing more local control.

We cannot, of course, do without central government control. The main point of the control of location is to get industry from one region into another, which no local agency can do. The technique we have developed in Britain is basically sound, and essential to a stable social order. But it is still attending too much to the alleged needs of the administrative machine, and not enough to those of community life.

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Bring Learning to Life

Vision is more important to the Catholic school than either scholars or dollars.

By LEO R. WARD

IT WOULD be hard to state just what makes learning come to life and what kills it. By 300 B.C. it had reached great heights in Greece, and we will forever talk of a new and greater Athens. What happened to it? In the thirteenth century it came to another peak and then leveled off rather fast. The Renaissance was a new learning, but now it appears old and tired. Modern science, though, is seemingly a method of perpetual new learning.

The greatest need in education today is for faith in learning, which in a pioneer society has never been a mark of Catholics or of any other group. Of course sporadic and accidental good things are accomplished—a good man appears, a department may be developed in some university, etc. But the crying need is for an invincible faith and a total vision. It is difficult to evoke faith in learning, and harder yet to arouse the over-all vision of learning as a good to be desired. Such a vision would encompass learning in its parts and in their mutual relations, and also make clear how it all fits together in society. We may say that this faith-vision is more important to a school than half a dozen outstanding scholars or many millions in endowments.

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WHAT is Catholic learning? That is the first and greatest question. If it were answered adequately, faith would be generated, our scholars would have something akin to unity of purpose, communities of learners would be easily formed, and many other details of education would fall into place.

What makes progress towards the faith-vision of education somewhat slower than we should like are two historic circumstances. One is that American Catholic schools were not founded for learning but for saving souls, and even on the higher levels, Catholic scholarship retains to this day overtones of apologetics and propaganda. It is hard for schools set up to save souls to take learning as their direct purpose. Yet in no other way can they come to life as schools.

The second handicap lies in the fact that most learning has long since been de-Christianized. The later Middle Ages devitalized learning, then the Renaissance tended to secularize it, then Reformers and Counter Reformers brought it down another notch by making it apologetic and desapientialized. Finally the presumed conflict between science and revelation erected a wall of separation between it and religion.

How could learning be vital and Christian after it, and society itself, had become decadent? After it was secularized? After it was made apologetic and used as a weapon in a world deeply involved in religious wars? And, since Descartes' time, after it was thought that the professor must leave his Christianity in the cloakroom (to use Maritain's words) before walking into the lecture hall?

If we could go on the assumption that faith and learning are worlds apart, the de-Christianization of learning would make sense of a sort. But if faith in divine revelation about the person and society and nature and God is itself a learning and is positively relevant to all knowledge in theology, philosophy, social science, literature and art, then we must re-discover how to integrate all learning. Perhaps modern society needs this integration just as much as the American Catholic college. The four- or five-century separation of learning from its Christian roots poses quite a problem. It won't do to throw theology at sociology, at the arts and philosophy, as is done at present, nor will it do merely to put them in neat departments side by side. They must make up one world—the world of learning. This they can do only in terms of the common problems on which they work more or less together. Dewey often wrote about the divorce between thought and action; but such divorces are common in the schools. "Religion" is a subject taken and accredited in many colleges, but it seemingly has nothing to do with other subjects.

I suggest that learning in philosophy, the arts, social sciences and the natural sciences can be Christian only by being seen in their particular relation to theology, the highest theoretic Christian wisdom. Gilson said in his revealing *Pour*

REV. LEO R. WARD, C.S.C., *of the Notre Dame faculty of philosophy, recently published "Blueprint for a Catholic University." He is also the author of "Holding Up the Hills."*

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un ordre catholique (1934) that learning was for a long time scared off from this necessary specification by theology, by a dogmatic and politically armed secularism. Establishing the mere relationship, however, is not enough. Theology itself, if the learning to be specified by it is to live, must be vital. And too often it has been dead as a doornail.

In philosophy, learning has life only as much as it wrestles successfully with the problems found in its time. The problems may be as old as man himself, but are newly given, and though the philosopher's business is to try to see in the light of eternity, yet his approach has to be from the viewpoint of problems as they are found in his day. At least we might guess as much from the history of philosophy, and from the approach and procedure of Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Aquinas, Descartes and Kant.

★

IN ITS own way, the same is true of theology, social sciences, literature and the arts. Each of them neglects to its own peril either the moving point of the present or the fixed point of eternal truth. Think of a Graham Greene or an Evelyn Waugh who would neglect either time or eternity, or try to imagine a Maritain or a Dawson doing so. Yet the priests and nuns who so largely man the Catholic schools are not always familiar with, and receptive to the thought that expresses the hopes and sufferings of their day.

But the scholar must immerse himself in his own age if his learning is not to become sterile and irrelevant. Modern man is not without his peculiar inspirations and achievements, and these things deserve the Catholic educator's attention and his sympathy. Science was, and is, among these. Likewise the struggle for freedom was, and is, and we hope will continue to be. Also we have heard more and more demand for building the true welfare community — in the family, in the college, on the local level, on the national level, and, somehow, on the international level: in general, there is an insistent demand for a kind of post-individualist reorganization. A learning that lives apart from this demand for community might seem to be an anachronism.

By Plato's time great material for learning was piled up, and great problems were at hand. In the thirteenth century, a scriptural theology and its Aristotelian corpus were available, and the relation between them presented a great problem. At the Renaissance great old material became new, and a decadent culture presented problem enough. Today science furnishes an expanding ocean of materials, and nobody denies the presence of real problems. A new, vital learning is likely to be on the way. How truly Christian it will be depends on us.

FROM GERMANY

Surrealistic Hope and Fear

TWO hundred years ago, it was a long and troublesome journey from Leipzig in Saxonia, where Johann Sebastian Bach died in 1750, to Frankfort on Main, where Johann Wolfgang Goethe was a baby of just one year. In 1949 and 1950, the memories of both men were celebrated in both towns. They were celebrated in an almost hectic way for the very reason that the journey between Hesse and Saxonia is, if not so long, just as troublesome and much more dangerous than in the times of the stage-coaches and petty princes of the Holy Roman Empire. The memory of a common cultural past is emphasized in the memories of Bach and Goethe; but what was meant to be a symbol of spiritual unity of a divided country only made the division more visible.

The Goethe celebrated at Weimar was not the Goethe honored at Frankfort—officially at least. Behind the Iron Curtain, lecturers and journalists did their best to depict the *Geheimrat* as a patriot inspired by the idea of German unity, and not at all a cosmopolite, as the West "misrepresented" him. With the composer of the Christmas-oratory, Eastern officials felt a bit lost; but they tried to prove sacred music was popularly favored in the people's democracies. So, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, Bach's Passions according to St. Matthew and St. John were sung more frequently than ever—a queer result of the division and surely the only happy one.

★

OTHER queer events were born from the Bach-year, ridiculous at first sight, but most characteristic of the political situation. Whether a Western radio station should broadcast the songs of the Thomas choir at Leipzig—which was conducted by Bach in his time—became a hotly discussed topic for many weeks and begot serious conflicts. The superintendent of the Stuttgart radio station declined absolutely to broadcast recordings offered by Radio Leipzig, while the majority of the radio council (*Rundfunkrat*) made his broadcasting them a question of vital importance. His arguments were those of the Social Democrats (a party abolished in the Eastern zone by a forced merger with the Communists): The Eastern zone is ruled by terror and fear. Culture is only sponsored for purposes of propaganda, and so is sacred music. Our broadcasting these recordings means acknowledging this abuse and minimizing the sufferings of our brothers.

This is the second in a new series of articles from abroad. The author, Clara Menck, will report regularly from Germany. She is editor of Stuttgarter Zeitung, and is a contributor to the Review of Politics.

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The argument of the majority of the board—whose members are representatives of political parties and cultural and professional associations — was that of the "bourgeois" parties which are not officially forbidden in the East, though many of their leaders were removed from posts or fled to the West. We must by all means emphasize the cultural unity with our brothers. People living there, though collaborating with Communist officials, try hard to continue their activities. Their doing so prevents the Communists from taking everything in control.

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BOTH arguments are well-known. They were used for and against collaboration with the Nazis. Well-known, too, are the charges made against both sides: dogmatic stubbornness for one, and preparing a private peace with the Communists in the event of an emergency for the other.

This "case of emergency" plays a great role in many private chats. What the "emergency" will be, is not always clear. A hot war is less considered than a withdrawal of the occupation forces and a unification of the Eastern and Western zones—the very thing officials call for. Claiming a united Germany is indispensable for all party platforms, and the official mood is an optimistic one: If we are let alone, democracy of the West will prove to be the stronger; Communist influence will melt away when the sun of freedom rises over the now darkened Eastern zone. A fine and courageous point of view. It is shared, I am sure, by the best of democratic youth —but not, I am afraid, by the majority of the population.

★

MUCH more common is the fear of a slow and cunning infiltration of Western Germany by the Communists, even if the Russians should abstain from direct domination, even if "free voting" should be guaranteed. Many people are aware of a fact optimistic officials do not like to discuss: within five years the economic structure of Eastern Germany has been changed; all institutions are highly centralized, and all the threads of this apparatus end up at Moscow. Cutting these threads would mean a "denazification" with another Hitler and SS round the corner—and the failure of German denazification proved the impossibility of such a task even after the fascist power was completely broken.

The Social-Democrats were most eager to claim free elections and emphasize responsibility for the Eastern zone; they have therefore declined, as yet, to enter the Council of Europe together with delegates from the Saar territory, because that would offer, in their eyes, a pretext for the Russians' detaching German territories in the East from a united Germany of the future. But even Social Democrats of a non-orthodox type are willing to admit—though only off the record—the process in the Eastern zone is too advanced to be changed without a revolution.

Officially these doubts are taboo; the Communist abuse of the slogan of unity has aroused a fervent competition of all parties and political groups in claiming this unity. Foreign observers, however, are often startled by what a small echo those official speeches evoke in the masses. As yet, unity is felt more as a moral plight, a responsibility for those living under inhuman conditions, than a nationalistic emotion.

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THE little echo Pastor Niemoeller found some weeks ago made him "explain" in many words, though rather confusedly, his statement that "unity even as slaves is preferable to division with freedom for the West." What makes many Germans in the West play with the idea of a "merger" of Western and Eastern ideas—the social safety of a socialism system "combined" with the individualistic freedom of the West—is in most cases no deepfelt nationalism, but a strange mixture of fear, moral responsibility and hope. The very fear of the Communists engenders a desperate hope to play an important role in this system, important enough to make individuals or the West German economy as a whole, indispensable for the Soviets. Incomprehensible as this hope may be after the experiences of Poland, Hungary, etc., it still exists, and it makes strange bedfellows as businessmen court former SS generals and Communist intellectuals at the same time.

Obviously this fear and hope is exploited by all sorts of extremists. One should not overrate these people, be they old generals or young fools. As yet, they have not succeeded in creating an emotional nationalism; neither did the idea of remilitarization find many sympathizers, nor did the Saar issue arouse an emotional storm outside Bonn. But they skilfully spread what a French journalist called *une peur préventive*. And, in the long run, this fear produces the germs of nationalism by all the laws of human (not only German) psychology. Officials who from time to time propose free elections for all Germany or even an assembly of delegates of the now existing parties in East and West, should be aware of the confusion their tactical moves create in the masses. They can always be sure of loud approval; but there will be many asking each other: What would happen if the Soviets said yes to these Platonic proposals?

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THE contrast between the loud and the low voices is one of the things that make political life in Germany such a strange mixture of make-believe and surrealism. Consider the nationalistic mood of the politicians, and the political apathy of the masses; the mushrooming of small groups, and all of them invoking the concept of Europe, each time with a different meaning; the general dislike for Communism, and the easy-going acceptance of fellow-travelers; the general liking for America, and the clear distrust of the political ability of its representatives.

CLARA MENCK.

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Communications

Mark Hopkins, the Log and the Dollar

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Mr. Nutting's article [April 14] seems to me entirely sound and indicates the way in which liberal education may probably have to develop, and may best develop, in the United States. I think that in all Churches—Roman, Anglican, Lutheran particularly— there is an immense interest in this type of adult education. I know that in a number of places quite good work is being done along these lines. I am glad you published this article and I hope that you will continue to stress this interesting and important idea.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

Riverside, Ill.

TO the Editors: Professor Nutting's stimulating and challenging article prompts me to submit a few thoughts.

The problem of instilling Christian convictions into the mass of nominal Catholics is surely one of the most important problems of our time. While no amount of education can guarantee that such convictions will take root in an individual person, it is obvious that there is no chance whatsoever that such convictions will be found in people other than those who have somehow learned the true state of society today as well as their own personal, apostolic responsibility. Even if the percentage of Catholic high-school and college graduates able to cope with their environment as Christians was not so disappointingly small, Catholic higher education, in a formal sense, would still not be the answer, since so few can take advantage of it. The necessity of part-time education for mature adults who realize that something is wrong, and that they must learn the right questions and the correct answers, is certain.

It seems to me that there is one possible approach to this problem at the parochial, or inter-parochial level. There are Catholic College graduates who, by reason of their innate ability and the advantage which they have taken of their educational opportunities, would be able to act as qualified teachers. Professor Nutting's distinction between a competent teacher and a competent scholar is well taken. I know responsible business and professional men who could be drafted into such a co-operative program.

The approach to the "curriculum" would have to be frankly experimental. Perhaps local educators would serve in an advisory capacity, helping to set up a tentative schedule. Several years ago at the Sheil School of Social Studies in Chicago a "Basic Course" was offered, guided by George Drury. This plan might serve as a not too inflexible guide to others. But this letter is no place to discuss details.

The important thing now is to make a start in this direction. Those groups, however small, which can obtain the approval and encouragement of their pastors should take council and decide how they may begin. Adult Catholic Action groups (e. g., Christian Family Action) might well investigate the possibility of such a project; their Federation could serve as clearing-house for the experience of individual parishes.

JAMES P. DANEHY.

The Screen

O LIFE, O DEATH, O M-G-M

WHEN the movie studios get around to melodrama these days they find themselves in a rut. This could be due to their believing that there's no formula like an old formula, or just to the fact that they're not very imaginative at thinking up new ways of putting their stars in melodramas and still preserving their stardom at the movie's end. Ethics may slip a little and morals may be pushed around; but the star's glittering starriness must remain as high as pie in the sky. Again and again our leading characters dally on the primrose path and commit all kinds of errors twice as fantastic as any we'd think up in real life, sometimes with the help of companions who deplore their wickedness and sometimes at the instigation of fellow criminals whose villainy is even deeper dyed than that of the leading characters. At the end comes some kind of punishment, but this punishment seldom fits the crime, and the star emerges, a little weather-beaten perhaps and lined from suffering, but still a star. Sometimes the cinema in a melodramatic movie is of a calibre to hold our interest, but too often the plots are so repetitious that we can hardly tell if we've seen them before and frequently it doesn't matter. A quick survey of our newest batch of sin-and-suffer movies reveals that the studios are still repeating themselves—sometimes with the same old stars, occasionally with different accessories.

In *"No Man of Her Own"* Barbara Stanwyck poses as the daughter-in-law of a wealthy family who have just lost their son in a railroad accident. Elderly Jane Cowl and Henry O'Neill are delighted with this woman who has come to live with them and are especially cheered by her baby who they think is their grandson. Even their other son (John Lund) is pleased with the arrangement and soon begins to fall in love with "his brother's widow." But into this cosy nest, where Barbara is supplying so much happiness for her supposed in-laws

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and where she and her child are relaxing in comfort, comes the father of Barbara's illegitimate baby. He's the snake in this harmonious grass. Just at the time he blackmails Barbara and forces her to marry him, he is killed. By whom? Barbara, John, Jane? Anyway Barbara and John have an awful time disposing of the body. Years later when they are married we see them suffering like everything as they wait for the police and this whole story is told in a flashback. It is pretty grim stuff. Sally Benson and Catherine Turney, who wrote the script from a William Irish novel, have tried to give the story more dignity than it deserves; and Mitchell Leisen's direction of the cast is good. But no matter what can be said in favor of "No Man of Her Own" it is just the same old melodramatic story of a bad girl trying to get something for nothing and getting it in spite of a little hardship on the way.

In the beginning of *"The Damned Don't Cry,"* the woman who becomes the film's leading character is described this way: "She popped up one day wearing a mink coat stuffed with money." The speaker forgets to add that this coat was also stuffed with Joan Crawford, and since this picture is a vehicle for Crawford it must follow the melodramatic formula about the woman who leaves her mean husband, becomes a model, learns to be hard, inspires a bookkeeper (Kent Smith) to work for a syndicate of organized crime, becomes the mistress of the head (David Brian) of this syndicate, and is sent by him to ingratiate herself with a chiseling thug (Steve Cochran). Before the finale practically everyone is killed; so pictorially the picture comes to the conclusion that crime does not pay. Actually what the mink-coated Crawford says before her death scene is: "We do what we do because we can't help ourselves." I don't know what this film is really trying to prove, but one thing becomes obvious: the studios better find a new formula or moviegoers aren't going to pay to see even their favorite stars.

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PRODUCER Leonard Goldstein does try at the beginning of *"One Way Street"* to give us exciting melodrama with a new twist. James Mason, as a fatalist who believes he should live well until his number's up, walks out on a gang who have just stolen $200,000 and takes the loot. He also takes Marta Toren, the girl friend of the gang's leader (Dan Duryea). They go to Mexico and the chase is full of thrills, but you soon realize that the script is too contrived and Director Hugo Fregonese gets much too arty with what should have been a fast chiller. The piece goes out of its way to show that Mason is softening a little and isn't really such a bad boy after all. Just to keep straight the crime-does-not-pay ending, after Mason reforms and returns the stolen money, he is killed in an automobile accident. "I must keep an old appointment," he explains as he dies.

"I Was a Shoplifter" also starts out as if it were going to be something novel in the line of melodrama. It tells the story of an undercover agent (Scott Brady) out to expose a shoplifting gang on the West Coast; but it soon becomes run-of-the-mill with the usual cops-and-robbers chases. Its most novel note is in the finale when Detective Brady becomes engaged to the kleptomaniac heroine.

Perhaps *"Conspirator,"* based on Humphrey Slater's novel about an English Communist who is an officer in the Guards, could have been made into a good movie, but as it now stands it is little more than a hopped-up melodrama with many dragged out scenes interspersed with sudden surprises. It seems to take the American bride (Elizabeth Taylor) of this major in the Guards (Robert Taylor) forever to get wise to her husband's job as a spy for the Party. However most of the film, which was made in England, has such interesting background shots that it holds us and we keep wondering what is going to happen. But as Robert gets more and more involved with his Soviet bosses, we realize that we understand less and less about his motivations. He insists that he is working for the world's noblest experiment, but we don't understand how he got into this position or why. Although Director Victor Saville manages to squeeze a few thrills from the situation in which Robert finds himself when the Party demands that he kill his wife, the film as a whole is peculiarly lifeless and unconvincing. This is one melodrama at least in which the leading character errs but never has a chance to enjoy the fruits of his errors.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Stage

Peter Pan

I WOULD feel a good deal safer dealing with this review of the Barrie classic if I had managed to get a child to go with me. As a matter of fact I did vainly try to seize a child, with somewhat mixed results. My first (progressive) nephew had the chicken-pox, and the school in which my second (progressive) nephew abides, refused to release him in mid-week. Thirdly, the daughter of one of my best (Jungian) friends flatly refused to go, although her little brother, aged four, kept shouting into the telephone, "Peter Pain! Peter Pain! Me. Me." Needless to say, I gave up on that one.

The reason for all this benevolence was frankly in the interests of criticism as well as curiosity. Admitting, as I must, to a real nostalgia for Eva Le Gallienne's distinguished and absolute production of the play in the early thirties, it seemed to me I ought to temper possible prejudice with some outright junior reaction. Failing this conspiracy however, I might as well confess to

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having had a very good time at the present Lawrence-Stevens production. The business adds up, surprisingly, to fair Broadway. There is, in the person of Boris Karloff, the very best Captain Hook imaginable; there is, in Jean Arthur, an intriguing Peter; there is an enchanting Nana (you remember the sheepdog nurse) played by Norman Shelly; there is one excellent Ship set by Ralph Alswang; and there is music by Leonard Bernstein which is up-to-the-minute and sensitive, saving only those moments when he descends into radio solos with interpolated lyrics of his own. And finally there is, alas, our ridiculous system of rehearsal-time which literally forces a show as technically complicated as this one before the public before it can possibly be ready.

One can only suppose that Wendy Toye, the choreographer, must be even now delivering a few honest war-whoops to her Indians, and that she is also removing her Pirates from the chi-chi ballet class into some degree of grrr. Again, someone or other must be working to pull the grand final battle up into a real fight rather than a romp. But by far the most serious difficulty will be that the vaunted flying devices do not work invisibly, a circumstance which puts a grave kink in a good many of the lines of the play, not to say its point. All of the wires are visible against the backdrop and the costumers have not managed to conceal that lump between the shoulder blades of the air-borne children which makes them look like ill-managed puppets. I don't know how the wonderful Shultz Family got away with these impossibilities for Maud Adams and the other American productions, but certainly someone ought to find them and ask immediately. It's important. In a play that is all illusion, surely the illusion ought to be delivered; particularly a play for children. I daresay there will be some people who will be gratified that their offspring will not now be hurling themselves from the window on nothing but faith. But think of the questions these worthies are going to have to answer: why? why? why? Think of the explanations: it's a joke and yet not a joke; it's only a play; no, it isn't a lie.

I must say the parental tone of this account is tedious even to me. But I can't escape it now and it's good to be able to close on an encouraging note. Miss Arthur's job is a subtle achievement. Her Peter is certainly a boy: he is lithe, fresh, knobby, cropheaded, laughing, clever. And astonishingly enough, he is the opposite of romantic. The actress seems to rely on remoteness far more than the swaggering *bruhaha* that the part also provides. Somehow or other, she is playing it as *all Pan,* a true sprite, elusive as a snowflake. It is true she has no trouble vanquishing Mr. Karloff; we watch her doing it. But in the end, it seems to me it is Mr. Karloff, with his ruffles, his inky cloak, his rolling r's, his grand style, who really wins. I don't earnestly think anyone under ten is going to emerge from this version of Barrie wanting to wander off and be a Lost Boy. I think everyone is going to want to play Captain Hook from now on. (*at the Imperial*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Of Note

VERNACULAR LITURGY

THE quarterly *Liturgy* (The Society of Saint Gregory, Oscott College, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, England) publishes a paper by the Rev. S. J. Gosling on "The Parish Priest and the Vernacular."

Saying "one would expect it to be axiomatic that when we use words a knowledge of their meaning should be a necessary prerequisite to their proper employment . . . indeed we have very harsh and contemptuous expressions for those who . . . use words they do not understand, or understand imperfectly. . . . It is in the liturgy—and in the liturgy alone—that this unintelligent use of words is allowed, defended, and even advocated," Father Gosling goes on to summarize the position of those who defend the Church's use of Latin in the liturgy. In replying to their argument he makes these remarks:

> There is, however, one objection to a vernacular liturgy which must have been in your minds, to which I have no answer. . . . I refer, of course, to the music of the liturgy. Has all that got to go? I am no musician and speaking out of the depths of my ignorance I have never been able to see why English hymns and English psalms may not be sung to Gregorian tunes; and if we leave the Mass alone, as many of the English Liturgy Society advocate, practically the only musical settings that we should require would be for the hymns and psalms. But Gregorians—some, not all—tell me that I am talking foolishly when I suggest wedding English words to Gregorian melodies. If that indeed be so, then I must fall back on my second line of defense. Surely even the most enthusiastic Gregorian does not subscribe to the notion that the ability to compose religious music ended with the fifteenth century. The Anglican Church seems to have produced dignified and appropriate music for English words. And I ask you—cannot you produce music that will contain all the devotional and artistic attributes of the Gregorian chant and yet be wedded to English words? I am told that the supreme merit of the Gregorian chant is that it has grown out of the Latin words; is it impossible to produce a music that grows out of the English words? Will you refuse to help us, allowing us to go on in our blundering way? Because of one thing I am quite certain—the cause of the vernacular liturgy *is* going on. Everything points that way. A Church historian said to me that the vernacular movement manifests the one unmistakable note that has characterized every successful Church reform in history, namely that the demand for it appears suddenly and simultaneously, without promptings or collusion, in every part of the Catholic world.

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Certainly our movement has shown this mark or sign. In Belgium, France, Germany and Austria the call for reform has been so insistent as in some cases to overstep the bounds of prudence, and too enthusiastic advocates have merited rebuke. From South Africa and India voices have been heard in the same cause and in Australia ecclesiastics have given their support. In the United States the Vernacular Society has been formed with the same object. . . . More important still is the news that these movements among the Catholic rank and file do not lack sympathy and encouragement from above. . . .

"THE RIGHT OF JOINT DECISIONS"

THE following is an excerpt from an address by Bishop Francis J. Haas of Grand Rapids, delivered at the National Catholic Family Life Conference in Detroit.

The enactment of a law recognizing the right of joint decision would mark perhaps the most revolutionary change in labor relations in the twentieth century. Recognition of the right will mean that not capital alone (stockholders) will choose the management, as has been the case up till now, but capital and labor. Labor will be represented in the management of a firm or plant, and will have a voice and vote in matters that have a bearing on their personal welfare as workers in shop or factory . . . such as welfare, sickness, unemployment, and old age funds, and also on larger basic issues regarding production, pricing policies, plant enlargements, and so on. The current business matters regarding which quick day-by-day decisions have to be made and which require expert knowledge, such as men in the offices alone can have, will not become subject to labor's right of decision. Nor does labor want it. Workers do not want to take over the functions of experts in their line, even as men in the offices do not want to go into the shops to perform work about which they know very little. American industry has shown repeatedly that labor can supply capable representatives for management. Any number of them have risen from the ranks of labor to high positions, even to the presidency of some of the biggest corporations in the country.

For the worker it will mean a new recognition of his worth and dignity as a man. His labor will no longer be a commodity to be bought and sold as are the materials with which he works. The goal of industrial democracy will come a good deal nearer, because basic to the right of joint decision is the principle of equality, the foundation of all democracy. Free enterprise will take on a new form, a more rational form, inasmuch as it makes both capital and labor, through their representatives, responsible partners in the same undertaking.

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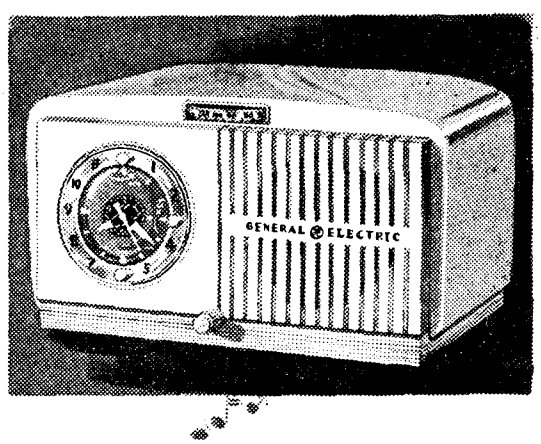

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Dialogue with the Sixth Century

By PHILIP BURNHAM

THE Benedictines of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota have published a new and excellent translation of the chapters from Saint Gregory which make up the most influential biography ever written of a western man. (*Life and Miracles of St. Benedict, or The Second Book of Dialogues. St. Gregory the Great. Translated by Odo J. Zimmerman and Benedict R. Avery. The Liturgical Press.* $2.00. *In paper,* $.90.) The *Second Book of Dialogues* is the earliest reference to the father of western monasticism (issued in 594 A.D.), and, with the Benedictine Rule itself, furnishes the whole approximately contemporary source for Saint Benedict's life. Benedict lived from around 480 to about 547 A.D., and Gregory from about 540 to 604. From then for five hundred years these great monks set the course of our culture, as much as individuals can ever mold the years that follow them. Through the dark period of transition they were the principal agents who transmitted to Europe the means and energy for a new civilization. And by their creative role in forming the medieval West, "the First Europe," they remain "patriarchs" of our modern civilization, whatever that continues to be.

It is almost paradoxical to claim so great a cultural effect for such a small and unpretentious work. Gregory the Great wrote it undoubtedly as a let-up from the extraordinary administrative, ecclesiastical, political and religious activities which he performed during the first catastrophic years of his pontificate. In the year 590, when Gregory I succeeded Pope Pelagius II, the pendulum of Italian and western civilization was surely swinging down in the lowest, most hesitating arc. Pelagius had died, symbolically, in a plague wracking the reduced and burdened population of Rome and the Mediterranean. Symbolically also, Gregory's firsf act of public authority as pope was to carry on the great procession of prayer for deliverance which is commemorated by the statue of the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword, high on the ramparts of Sant' Angelo, on the Vatican side of the Tiber.

But the total character of the crisis cannot be reduced to episodes or paragraphs. It is the history of the decline of Rome and the long storm of the Dark Ages. Perhaps the most generally characterizing event of that half century was the proven failure of Justinian's archaic policy of reconquest from the barbarians and reestablishment of an extinguished Ancient Christian Empire. Instead, in the East a tough Byzantine State, economically in a vise, frozen in bureaucracy, warped by dogmatic argument and error, and hamstrung by Caesaropapism, could no longer even attempt the positive duties of world rule to which it was heir. The re-formed Rome of Byzantium was, rather, almost a miracle of defense. There in the East, ever more remote from Italy, "the Greeks" gathered themselves together to uphold their offspring of the classic age against the barbarians of Europe and of the Steppes, against the Persians of the Orient, and then soon, direly restricted to the walls of their marvelous capital, against Islam. But the old Empire of the West was flooded by barbarians from without; and within, its whole society and culture and state were eroded of the antique means and ends and ideals beyond any possible conservation and rehabilitation.

Benedict himself, on his beautiful, difficult, mountain of Monte Cassino in the very heart of Italy, was harassed by the Goths of Totila—for whose enlightenment, Benedict accomplished a miracle reported in this book. Benedict worked deep in the broken foundations of human society. Gregory, the greatest advocate of his fame and of his work, wrote and built in unavoidable realization of abandonment. The state, the army, the dignity of institutions and of ancient families, the power and discipline of the people, their work and recreation, the food they ate, the very language they spoke, were all but lost. Gregory felt the end of the world. A desperate unhappiness marks nearly all his dealings with the things and the doings of the ancient world before him.

★

BECAUSE man's soul is immortal, he wrote the *Dialogues* containing this Life of Saint Benedict. These pages—peaceful, light and fresh and new—show the Benedictines beginning their calm journey across the world toward the "magnificent road covered with rich carpeting and glittering with thousands of lights" which, at Benedict's death, the two monks saw "from his monastery . . . stretched eastward in a straight line until it reached up into heaven." The hope of Christians was established again in a new example of living, which could be lived amid the debris of antiquity and the unhewn raw materials of barbarism. Beautifully and simply Saint Gregory described it as Saint Benedict had lived it. A not inactive life, turned to contemplation. A practical school of prayer, progressive in its works, in its powers, in its showing of Christ's charity, and in its communing happiness.

The brief—ten page—introduction which the translators have given their volume is remarkably rich and complete. It points out the dynamic conception which Gregory had of Saint Benedict's development in prayer and power, and impress on his neighbors, so that the story can be read with a measure of meaning to account for its immense effect. The *Life* distils in most serene and quiet human drama the insight of two of the very greatest men into the contemplative life, the Christian search for God. This ideal, and its far-spreading implications, held not only for people who were to be monks and nuns, but also for generations of men and women of all vocations and positions who were convinced of Christianity.

Fathers Zimmerman and Avery say in the Introduction to this translation: ". . . Whether some of the miracles and prophesies it contains were exaggerated before they

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reached him or could have been explained as the result of merely natural causes, it is impossible to say. But there can be no doubt of the Pope's well-founded convictions that Saint Benedict's miracles were numerous and striking enough to mark him out among his contemporaries as the great wonder-worker of Italy."

We hear how "Blessed Benedict checked the fury of a dreaded Goth without even rising to his feet, and with a mere glance unfastened the cord that bound the hands of an innocent man . . . by his own power." And by prayer, Benedict recovered the life of a child and "took the little boy by the hand and gave him back to his father alive and well."

Greatest of all appears Saint Benedict's absorption in the mind of God so that "the whole world was gathered up before his eyes in what appeared to be a single ray of light. . . . In the light outside that was shining before his eyes, there was a brightness which reached into his mind and lifted his spirits heavenward, showing him the insignificance of all that lies below." This miraculous vision constitutes the theme and purpose of the "Life and Miracles."

Books

The Voyage to Lourdes. Alexis Carrel. Harper. $1.00.

THE reviewer of a recent book (Velikovsky's *Worlds In Collision*) hails it as "bridging the gap between science and religion." It grows a little wearisome, this talk about the gap, or the gulf, or the conflict, between science and religion. Strangely enough, the ones who do all the yearning towards a rapprochement between God and the test-tube, are generally neither the scientists nor the theologians. Both of the latter groups are too busy in their own particular fields, to be worrying about each other.

Occasionally, and happily, we encounter a genius who gives living proof of the ultimate unity of all truth. Such a man was Alexis Carrel, mystic as well as scientist. His mind was too large to be confined within the narrow limits of the experimental method. He was not a renegade to the inductive process of the laboratory, but he groped beyond, into the field of metaphysics, in search of the first causes of things. The reading public has not yet forgotten his book of a few years back, *Man the Unknown,* in which science and philosophy were such congenial partners.

In *The Voyage to Lourdes,* published posthumously, Alexis Carrel traces for us the beginnings of his discontent with what might be called terminal empiricism. It is the account of his journey to Lourdes in 1903, with a hospital train of pilgrims. The special object of his attention was Marie Ferrand, dying of tubercular peritonitis. He examined her time and again, and thoroughly.

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So sure was Dr. Carrel that she could not recover, that he boasted to a friend that he would become a monk if Marie Ferrand were cured. She was. Carrel himself stood by her stretcher while her wildly fluttering heart dropped back to normal, and her abdomen flattened, and infection vanished. It is no wonder that Carrel, the skeptic, felt himself going mad.

Dr. Carrel did not enter a monastery. But, after a few hours of twisting and turning, vainly clutching at a hope that his diagnosis might have been mistaken, he did find a faith that gave new brilliance to his science from that moment on.

It is a slim volume, *The Voyage to Lourdes,* edited by Mrs. Carrel and with a preface by Charles Lindbergh, Alexis' long-time friend. It is a slim volume, but it portrays more graphically than any pious treatise could, the existence of a higher Verity beyond the reach of slide-rule or retort.

LEO J. TRESE.

The Lipton Story. A Centennial Biography of England's Great Merchant Sportsman. Alec Waugh. Doubleday. $3.00.

"FATHER, why don't you let Mother sell the eggs?" asked the small boy in the dingy little shop. "Mother's hands are smaller. The eggs will look larger."

Refugee from the famine in Ireland, Mr. Lipton had not only managed to bring up his family respectably in Glasgow on a weekly wage of $7.00 but saved enough to open a grocery and pay a penny a week for the schooling of his youngest child, Thomas. At eleven, the survivor of four brothers and sisters, Thomas was an errand boy earning 60c a week; at sixteen he sailed off to America. The crowd of hotel touts awaiting the ship at the wharf in New York gave him an idea. He rushed down the gangplank and asked one what he would offer for twelve lodgers. "Free lodging for a week." "Done," said Thomas, and hurried back to collect his shipmates. It was his first business deal.

After working up and down the Atlantic coast for four years, Thomas Lipton returned to Glasgow. On his twenty-first birthday, Thomas opened up a shop of his own, holding tight to his mother's principle of cutting out middlemen and buying his butter, eggs and ham direct from the Irish farmers. He had learned the power of publicity in the United States. Glasgow gasped when two fat porkers were driven through the streets with "Lipton's Orphans" emblazoned on their backs. Soon "Lipton Hams" became a byword. By 1880, Thomas had twenty shops and his mother had her own carriage and a suburban villa.

His emergence from social obscurity took place in 1898 when the Princess of Wales started a fund for a dinner for the poor of London on the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. $150,000 was needed, of which Lipton donated $125,000 plus tea and sugar. For the first time his name appeared in the American press. Queen Victoria knighted him in 1898 and the Prince of Wales began to find him a congenial companion.

In 1898, Sir Thomas made a famous decision, challenging the New York Yacht Club for the America Cup. As a boy in Glasgow, he had been commodore of the Crown Street Clan who sailed boats made of box-lids in puddles on the Green. *Shamrock I* was named after his Glasgow boat. Four more *Shamrocks* followed and defeat followed defeat—1899-1901-1903-1913-1930. At last in 1931, Will Rogers suggested a gold loving cup which was presented by Mayor Jimmy Walker to Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, Bart K.C.V.O. from "the hundreds of thousands of Americans and well-wishers."

It was not till that next spring, on his eighty-first birthday, that the Royal Yacht Club deigned at last to elect him to their squadron, breaking the iron rule that tradesmen were ineligible. That summer *Shamrock V* won every race in her home waters. That September too, Sir Thomas died, leaving his house and fortune to the poor of Glasgow.

The story, so well told by Alec Waugh, presents a pattern of English life now obsolete. Sir Thomas, far from resenting the self-respecting poverty of his childhood, had a tendency to pity his noble friends. Did he feel the poverty of the lack of human love which he gave himself no time to seek? So far as a total apathy to general culture went, he and the King were about on a par, but the King took his pleasures in other ways than in opening shops!

E. V. R. WYATT.

Friar Felix at Large. H.F.M. Prescott. Yale. $3.75.

THOUGH the form in which the name of this book's author appears on its title-page suggests that of a man, H.F.M. Prescott is a woman. She has taught at Oxford, and she has written a number of books, the best known of which in this country is her *Spanish Tudor,* a sober and scholarly biography of "Bloody Mary." What she has done here is to reproduce in not much more than 200 pages the *Fratris Felicis Fabri Evagatorium in Terrae Sanctae,* a work which in its most recent edition runs to nearly fifteen hundred pages. The translation of it published by the Pilgrims' Text Society is in four volumes. Miss Prescott has made not so much an abridgement as a new work, in which, while she often quotes directly from Friar Felix, she draws upon a good many other medieval accounts of pilgrimages to the Holy Land.

Small though the book is, it might to advantage have been smaller still, or rather her frequent discursions—in which she draws a little too freely upon her learning, so that she cannot resist quoting St. Augustine, the *Quia amore langueo* or even Dr. Johnson—might have been suppressed to give a little more of Friar Felix himself. And I find her title a trifle too arch for my taste, as I find her efforts at humor sometimes a bit heavy and her occasional use of slang—"Play the Old Harry" is an instance—vaguely annoying. The book, to my mind,

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would have been better had it more strictly confined itself to what Friar Felix saw and heard on his two pilgrimages. As she says, his book "contains the most varied, profuse, and entertaining medley of piety and frivolity, shrewdness and simplicity, observation and credulity, all heavily garnished with classical and theological learning and illuminated by the Friar's own good humor and inexhaustible gusto of living." Her book is always sympathetic towards Catholic practices. What misunderstandings exist are of no great importance—or are such as might be expected—as when Miss Prescott thinks (on page 178) that the Friar must indeed have been a "militant traditionalist" if it is really true that he was "an ardent defender of indulgences"; and when she supposes that a community of Franciscan Tertiaries encountered in Jerusalem were Poor Clares.

These reservations should not be insisted on too strongly. For Miss Prescott, basing herself upon Felix Fabri (whose unLatinized name was Schmidt), the Swiss-German Dominican of the fifteenth century, has made available to the general reader what is, it seems to me, the best of the medieval accounts of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The pilgrims of the time traveled, it need hardly be said, in a discomfort that would now seem intolerable, and with not a few dangers. Yet in other respects—in what correspond to quarantine, customs, immigration officials and passports—the times have not changed much, even with regard to the habit some of these people had of scratching their insignificant names on the holiest things they saw. Friar Felix seems to have had a happy faculty of enjoying everything, or at least of being amused by it—even when he had to dodge the stones that Saracen women and boys threw at the Pilgrims, or when a Saracen riding at him full tilt, missed his head only by a few inches. THEODORE MAYNARD.

The Objector. Jeb Stuart. Doubleday. $3.00.

IN THE first novel about World War II, dealing with the question of conscientious objection to bearing arms, Jeb Stuart has gone at this most delicate and complex subject like a rookie with a bolo knife. As a result, he has not only shed no light on the problems of war and pacifism, but has probably opened the way to greater misunderstanding between conscientious objectors and those who disagree with them.

Heath, the hero of this book, is a registered c.o. who is assigned through error to an Army combat unit. Harried and persecuted by a stock assortment of oafish and bullying officers, misunderstood by his parents and friends, and, in his own mind, even by the general public, he eventually ends up overseas as a medical aid man with an infantry company. Going to the aid of a wounded comrade against his superior's advice, he is killed despite the Red Cross marked on his helmet.

Throughout his tortured existence in the Army, Heath clings faithfully to the conviction that war and violence are unqualifiedly wrong and that all soldiers are simply

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murderers, *per se*. But we are never told the ultimate basis for his beliefs, the moral sanction that would make his stand superior, say, to that of people who thought it was our high duty to civilization to destroy our enemies completely, both with bombs and pastoralization. With incredibly smug self-righteousness he refuses to make even the slightest concession in allowing others the right to form their own conscience about fighting, for instance, to end the frightful horrors of Dachau or Buchenwald. Such soldiers, it appears, are merely "foolish, stupid, frightened men," and the people at home support them only as "defenders of their jobs and sense of security."

Those who differ with, but respect the beliefs of conscientious objectors will find little in this over-simplified, self-consciously written book that will make them more sympathetic. And it is hard to see how conscientious objectors can look on it as an intelligent presentation of their point of view. It is, like the Army's action in assigning Heath to a combat unit, a mistake.

PAUL FARRELL.

The Old Man of the Mountain and Seventeen Other Stories. Allan Seager. Simon & Schuster. $3.00.

THESE stories, selected by the author (who teaches at the University of Michigan) as the eighteen best out of the dozens he has written, reveal an astonishing diversity of theme, background and mood. Several of these, since 1935, have deservedly found their way into the O'Brien and O. Henry annual collections, while one of them, the title story, won first prize in the College Faculty Short Story Contest in 1947.

"The Old Man of the Mountain," the longest story in the book, almost a novelette in its structure and rambling narration, is a scintillating tale about a Western backwoods town which suddenly leaps into fame when Hollywood descends upon it with the idea of using it as background for a Jesse James movie. At the same time an army of tourists arrives. Old Hank Childreth gets out his shotgun to threaten any tourist who ventures to the Jesse James Hide-Away Cave which is on his property. Here is an original American tale, with native humor.

These stories are inevitably uneven; the best of them are excellent, the others are readable. The author brings intangibles which make the short story the art form it is—and the pleasure it can be to the reader.

JOHN COURNOS.

New Directions XI. New Directions. $4.50.

LIKE many of its predecessors, the eleventh issue of this series must be honored more for the intention of its editor-publisher than for the quality of its contents. Out of the thirty-two American contributors, half owe their first appearance in print to James Laughlin; in other words, one publisher has encouraged the work of sixteen experimental writers in the last few years. Should anyone still be unaware of what this means to writers in this country, let him read Stephen Spender's article on the subject in this book.

But, alas, good editorial intentions cannot create substance and quality. Hence Henry Miller is here with an essay on Rimbaud composed one tenth of astuteness and nine tenths of Mr. Miller's narcissism. Three poems show that Tennessee Williams is not a poet and Paul Bowles' story is not one of his best. Fear of unleashing the watch-dogs of obscenity has caused Mr. Laughlin to offer only token payment to Jean Genet. While practiced writers like W. C. Williams and Kenneth Rexroth have sound, typical pieces, there are only two of the newer writers whose work is animated, John Hawkes and Stanley Moss. Six poems by the latter contain an inspiration apart from the masters Moss serves and the long fiction, Charivari, by Hawkes, although owing much to Firbank and Huxley, has its own humor, movement, and plot. The rest of the contributions raise the question of whose good is served by the publication of exercises still too derivative to be original and still too clumsy to be good copies?

FLORENCE CODMAN.

Line On Ginger. Robin Maugham. Harcourt. $2.50.

MR. MAUGHAM has written clearly, precisely and admirably about the post-war situation of a group of men who have fought together as members of the British Army. The book is an investigation into the history of a young man who, through beatings and seductions, has had his psyche knocked badly out of line.

The writer has evident compassion for the people he deals with, but the book, involving as it does sailing away in the moonlight—"There are plenty of places where one could be some good. . . ."—doesn't go very far below the surface; apparently because the author himself doesn't know quite what's down there.

W. P.

• REVIEWERS •

REV. LEO J. TRESE of Carleton, Michigan, is the author of *Vessel of Clay*.

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THEODORE MAYNARD, poet and historian, is author of *The Story of American Catholicism, Humanism as Hero, Orestes Brownson,* and *Too Small a World*.

PAUL FARRELL is an editor for Conover-Mast Publications. He served in the European Theatre during the war.

JOHN COURNOS is a critic who has worked on both the O. Henry and the O'Brien short story collections.

FLORENCE CODMAN is preparing a volume on the history of early American vaudeville and variety.

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